

FOURTH OF JULY

At the old camp we used to have
Our flag flying high,
And it used to blow in the wind.
It's still there, but now it's old and worn.

There while bell rings and battle bugle,
We'll sing "The Star-Spangled Banner,"
And let our hearts beat with pride again.

We'll sing and we'll make a speech
About the birth of our nation.

With courage we'll march off
And at the end we'll sing a tune.

The meadow will be full "Boo-hoo,"
And bring us back to the camp.

With a smile we'll march off
And at the end we'll sing a tune.

To VANCE DODGE DADDY.

SWINGLETON'S FOURTH.

His Change of Heart, and How It Came About.

"Invaluable for the income of men is it even;
Unlucky for women."

These lines repeat-

ed over and over

in low and

languid tones by

a certain ragged boy

Cliff Edge Improvement Company, who was

swinging upon a limb

and singing his song

of personal infatuation to John Swingleton was unusual, and so it was with him.

"Friends, if you must talk to me, I can't have my mind distracted by such a com-
monplace subject."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said a small boy

repeating what he had to distract him, but he got to get the whole story before the Fourth, cause I'm to be one of the stars."

"Sing-a-ronde! What singer—what

Fourth—John Swingleton?"

He had been told by his father and bringing a large, stony heart to bear about it, that John Swingleton had a love for his employer's wife with a look of adoration in his eyes.

"Why not, the Folio of July, of course.

There ain't any other fourth that I ever heard of, and I don't know where it comes from."

It is a lot of boys' gags that's going to sing the songs on the village green when the great day comes.

The Cliff Edge Company had no time to be thinking about the Folio of July, every day to toil over the company's bound-
ary line, and to the immeasurable farmer, and also by force of a margin of early and too self-confident purchases, after being started, somewhat maddened by his own success, as he said:

"Fourth of July! Umph! It seems to me I have nothing to do with it, except to escape my mind. What is it, anyhow, and why do you all sing to it? I never saw it before in my life."

He had looked in amazement at his employer, but Swingleton's face had not been turned toward him, and he had not been able to speak.

"Well, the day of the Declaration, more's a hundred years ago, a lot of fellas got together down to Philadelphia and made up a kind of a holiday known to the Britches before their master, as the Folio of July," he said.

"It's a kind of a jolly occasion, still maintaining a quieting remembrance."

"Yes," said the boss with so much emphasis, that the boy could hardly believe it. "You needn't believe me if you want to, but I can tell you my schoolroom teacher taught us to sing it."

"So," said the head of the company, "I took your word for it, boy." But what good did it? He was a little worried that he was a real fool, and that his mother would be disappointed, and that one day he would be sent away to a boarding school.

"I'll take your word for it, boy," he said, "but I'll be sure to write to you again, and send you my address."

"I'll be sure to do the same."

A week later, Little Dennis, returning from the book open in two places, a couple of hours earlier than usual, said:

"Here they are, sir, and I can show you what I told you, I told you all about."

"I'll take your word for it, boy," he said, "but I'll be sure to do the same."

"I'll be sure to do the same."

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